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K. George III.
TRUTH AND TREASON!

OR A

NARRATIVE

OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION TO THE

HOUSE OF PEERS,

October the 29th, 1795.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN ACCOUNT OF THE
MARTIAL PROCESSION TO

COVENT-GARDEN
THEATRE,

On the EVENING of the 30th.

*"Wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand against the Lord's
anointed."*

DAVID.

*"Better is a Poor Child, than an old and foolish King who will not
be admonished."*

SOLOMON,

*"The Prince that wanteth understanding is also a great Oppressor
but riches profit not in the day of Wrath."*

SOLOMON.



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Price One Penny.

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TRUTH & TREASON! &c.

ON Thursday the 29th of October, 1795, being the day appointed for opening the Sessions of Parliament, an immense number of people of all ranks, supposed to be at least 200,000, assembled in the Park and Avenues, through which his Majesty was accustomed to pass.

About a quarter after two o'Clock, the KING entered the State Coach in the Palace Court, and proceeded through St. James's-Gate, guarded by the Yeomen, Life-Guards, and a host of Thief-takers. On his entering the Street, the multitude assailed him (without any offence on his part) with Hisses and Groans, and other marks of Disaffection. The Procession passed down Cleveland-Row, and into the Park, amidst the continual Cry of "*Down with George, No King, No Pitt, No War, Bread, Bread, Peace, Peace!*" and many Stones were thrown at the *Lords' Anointed!*

Several persons exalted small Loaves of Bread upon Sticks, decorated with Black Crape. On the procession passing the Horse-Guards, the Iron Gates were immediately shut; the people eager to accompany their *Sapient Monarch*, flew to the different Avenues, but lo, the hand of Power, had locked the Gates. But Gates and Bars cannot inclose an enthusiastic people: some scaled the Iron Partitions, others broke the Locks, and laid the Access open, and joined the Cavalcade. A Lady at a Window waving a White Handkerchief, exclaimed "*God Save the King,*" immediately a Stone was levelled at the Window, which went through the double Glass of the upper Sash into the Room, but providentially the zealous Female, was not killed: one or two others whose Loyalty could not be restrained, and who called down blessings on *the Father of his People*, were levelled with the ground, by the enemies of our *Glorious and enviable Constitution.*

In Parliament-Street, two or three of the glassess of the Royal Coach were broke, and others covered with mud and dirt. Near the Ordinance-Office, a Ball, as is supposed from an Air-Gun, from one of the Houses, made a round hole through one of the Glassess, intended no doubt to assassinate our *Sacred and Dread Sovereign*. At length he arrived amid the greatest insults at the *House of Peers*, where he disemboved himself of a Lesson taught him by his Ministers, and which was read over by our *Heaven-born Premier*, to his friends the preceding Evening. "In it destruction is denounced against that NATION of Atheists and Regicides, with whom we are at War. It calleth for large supplies, to enable him to exterminate that *Un-godly Race*. It rejoiceth in the THE CHECK which the FRENCH have received this Campaign in ITALY and GER-MANY, and affecteth much sorrow at the great Scarcity of Corn, with which it would make us believe, Providence has afflicted us in our late harvest, by which the poor subjects of *Gotham* are destitute of the necessaries of life."

It is said, that as soon as ever his most dread Majesty entered the avenues of the House of Peers, he exclaimed, "Here is usage! Am I safe now?" However, it is certain that on approaching the seat of the Lord Chancellor, the first words he uttered were, "My Lord, I, I, I've been shot at!!"—The noble and dignified Lords afforded him all the consolation and sympathy in their power; and as a proof that the Lords were much more alarmed than the *Lords' Anointed*, they were not able to proceed upon the ordinary business of the day, till they had done the honour of examining a few of the rabble at their own Bar, who were apprehended for hissing and throwing stones at his Most Sacred Majesty. About Three o'clock the Guns announced his return to the carriage. The populace, (unruly as school-boys on breaking-up days) no sooner saw him seated, than they set up a most *hideous yell*, almost as horrible as the roaring of *Ætna*; and if his *Patient and Gracious Majesty*, had not (in comparison of speaking) been possessed of the courage of MARS with the strength of HERCULES, he certainly he inevitably must then have fallen a victim to their monstrous rude behaviour. He returned however to the place from whence

whence he came, amid the execrations of this wicked congress: their noise increasing as their numbers multiplied, until he arrived near what was once called *St. James's Hospital*—not for *Lunatics*, but *Leprous Maidens*.—Here one would have supposed that his fears would have subsided. But alas! the mighty, the dread *Potentate*, is subject to all the fears of a mere Mortal. For as an officious Female hastily thrust her head out of one of the windows of a publick house in *Cleveland-Row*, vociferously bawling out, “*God bless your Majesty!*” this loyal effusion was taken for the signal of a fresh attack, and *God's Representative upon earth* (as he is stiled by Bishops, Priests, and Deacons) started backwards in his carriage, pale and aghast, his countenance betraying all the symptoms of horror and dismay.

On entering the Palace, and changing wigs, he proceeded down the back stairs, consecrated to the feet of BUTE, JENKINSON, TEMPLE, and PITT, and into a chariot standing at the private door. Unfortunately the *Lords' Anointed* was discovered on his return to the Queen's House, and stopped by his outrageous subjects; who, horrible to relate! were proceeding to lay their Harpy hands on *The Representative of the King of Heaven*, when a party of his life-guards came trotting up, upon signal from the Footmen, and rescued (without any bloodshed) their royal Master from the hands of the hungry Rabble, whose continual cry was, *Bread! Bread!* and *No War!* And if PITT could then have been found by the populace, he certainly would have met with the fate of JEFFRIES that upright Judge, in James the Second's reign. One of these wicked ones, absolutely had the audacity to pull open the door of the KING's Carriage.

At length he arrived under escort of his Body-Guard at the Queen's House, amid the greatest tumult ever heard in this Isle. Many of his faithful subjects, with the Lords of the Bedchamber, the Lords in waiting, the Priesthood, the whole Band of Placemen and Pensioners, were under the greatest apprehensions for his Health and Safety. But here, “Alas! (he exclaimed) I have been most cruelly and undeservedly treated.”

The only accident that happened, during this day of “Horror, Tumult and Dismay,” was, one of the King's Grooms being run over by the State Coach.

The

The rabble not contented with assaulting the *august person* of the *Sovereign* in Pall Mall, broke all the Glafs and Pannels of the State Coach, on its way to the Mews, and *sacrilegiously* sold the pieces for three-pence or six-pence each, according to the size; and if a strong party of Horse had not arrived, the whole would have been demolished.

Besides other venders of *Democratic* publications about the Park, there was a *vile miscreant* near the Palace Gate, with a great bundle of Books and Papers, crying out, "*The Rights of Man for a Penny.*" He was seized by an officer of the guards, but instead of being aided and assisted to bring the *wretch* to condign punishment, this zealous officer was immediately knocked down, while the *Bookseller* was exalted upon a window shutter, and carried about in triumph, amid the acclamations of the Populace.

What is remarkable, a number of persons dressed like the Foot Guards when *not on Duty*, were seen mixed with the People, and joining in the general uproar. If they were real soldiers, what monstrous ingratitude, to assist in disturbing the peace of so kind a *King* and *Master*, by whose bounty, and *not that of the Nation*, they are cloathed and fed, and who protects them from being whipped like *Dogs*, or used like *Slaves*, and in short, whose service is *perfect Freedom*.

From the foregoing Narrative, let Subjects take warning how they offend *him* who sitteth upon the THRONE! Let them recollect that he is of a different, *nay purer*, species from them, that his power and attributes are so *GODLIKE*, that any person is guilty of High Treason, and merits a violent Death here, and eternal Punishment hereafter, If he imagines *only in thought*, the Death of this Personage. Therefore repent all ye who have had any share in this day's outrage, lest He, whose Representative you have insulted, destroy you, and your seed after you, as we are told, has happened to other stiff-necked and rebellious generations in days of old.

Of what has transpired upon the Examination of the persons taken up, for the insult committed on Thursday, we shall say but little, except that most of the Witnesses against them are known Aristocrats, and of the Respectable Class of Runners, &c. The King's Footman deposed that he saw the *Ball* pass him, that was shot from the Window in
Margaret

Margaret-Street. If Serjeant Catchball from *Valenciennes* had been present, no doubt he would have stopped it. The King's Coachman like some others honestly confessed, that he never was so frightened in his Life.

To crown the whole ; a *Proclamation* has appeared from the Ministry, offering a reward of a *Thousand Pounds* to any Informer on making discovery of any Person, who had *the Wickedness* to condemn, *our heaven-born Minister*, or shewed their dissatisfaction at this present *just and necessary War*, or who vociferated *Bread, Bread, Peace, Peace, &c. &c.* on that day of horror. And even though the persons concerned are admitted to partake of the reward for impeaching their fellows, and who are supposed to be of the *lowest* and most *wretched* of the *Swinish Multitude*, it has not, as yet produced any effect.

*The Martial Procession to Covent Garden
Theatre, on the Evening of the 30th.*

MUCH to the surprize of the Public at large, who were witnesses to the rage of the populace, on the preceeding day, the known design of the KING to go to the Play-house was not set aside, the reason of it was said to be (according to the hired news-writers) his confidence in his people : but in fact so numerous were the Guards of Horse and Foot, the Constables and Thieftakers, called out on the occasion, that no other people were allowed to approach within a Street's length of the Coach. Many of the peaceable inhabitants that attempted to pass on their lawful occasions, were trampled upon, and cut by the Cavalry, a Hackney Coachman received so many wounds that his life was despaired of. Several persons too were taken up for *damning*, and others for *hissing* a KING, whose *goodness* and *charity* to the *poor* they had no conception of ! In short, the wicked rabble, were very properly deceived, as their *Sovereign* was brought a different way from that which he usually took : and, from the great number of Soldiers and Constables, the whole Procession must have appeared to a stranger

stranger, more like the conveyance of a *Criminal* to the place of *Execution*, than any other parade. Even in the Playhouse were the hissings of the disaffected again heard, till their rebellious noises were drowned, by the loyal shoutings, of all that were admitted with orders; all the *Placemen* and *Pensioners*, all the *Servants* of the House, and the whole *Band of Music*, whose Instruments were forced to repeat the well-known sounds of *God save the King*, till the ears of the factious were made to tingle; yea, and many of the hissers were knocked down, and thrust out of the house. It was also reported that a person in the habit of taking up common thieves, attempted to address the audience in behalf of *good order*, but that he was silenced by the cry of *off, off*.—

Left we should be accused of partiality and prejudice, we shall close our Narrative by a paragraph from the London Recorder, a Paper which if not in the interest of the Administrators of Government, we should absolutely suppose that it meant to degrade and burlesque the whole business.—The Style is pure rhapsody or rhodomantade, and is literally and verbally as follows,

“ On Friday evening their Majesties, and three of the Princesses, went to Covent-Garden Theatre, when the burst of rapture which greeted their approach must have been heard to be felt. A thunder of ecstacy rushed from every part of the House. When their Majesties retired, every eye and every heart seemed to follow them, and every voice and hand were in unison. While the Princesses waited, the Duke of York's march was called for, and the audience took a novel mode of approving it—that of beating time with clapping hands, vehement but regular. The acclamations of the whole evening were like the balm of Gilead to heal the wounded spirit of royalty, which had been deeply pierced by the outrage of Thursday. Their Majesties came to the Theatre by way of Southampton-street, and returned through Long-acre. Never was the Royal Family so strongly guarded to a place of amusement; the escort to and from the Theatre, consisted of 200 horse and 100 foot-guards, aided by the civil power, to the number of 500 constables: near ten thousand people assembled as spectators, but were not permitted even to approach the adjacent streets, by the exertions of the Military, who, sparing neither age nor sex, trod under foot, and wounded several persons with their sabres.

Now comes a contrast to this extreme, this supple loyalty, in the opposite conduct of the audience of *Drury-Lane*, or, as it has been called, the *National Theatre*, on Saturday Night. 'Here, (says that enlighten'd paper, the *SUN*, the Musicians treated the call of the house for the tune of *God save the King*, with contempt; and the curtain was evidently drawn up sooner than usual, to prevent a repetition of it; and even when obliged to play this constitutional air, they evinced the most indecent reluctance, and performed it in so spiritless a manner, as to excite the indignation of all who observed their conduct.

"When the Music ceased to play, the words of the Song were called for: and, strange to tell! all the Singers, except *Storage*, evinced the same reluctance as the Musicians; the contrast between the insipid manner in which *Young Bannister* sung it, and his energetic delivery of the Songs in the farce, was too striking to escape the attention of the most careless observer. The disposition of the audience (it is added) was far different from that of the Band; as every person, except a dozen or two of the *LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY* stood up, while the Music played."

The real Truth seems to be, that this Dozen or two of the *Corresponding Society* was the greatest part of the Audience, and that the Reluctance of the Performers arose from the persuasion that this Call was by no means the sense of the House at large.

We must close our account by relating another outrage upon the *Defender of the Faith*, (according to "the *SUN*") on his return from Covent-Garden on Friday Night.

A wretch, (notwithstanding the dreadful note of Preparation, and the numerous Guards that attended) threw another Stone at the sacred Coach: but owing to the darkness of the night, it was impossible to discover from whence it came.

To conclude. A general Spirit of *Insatiation* seems to have possessed all ranks of People out of place and unpensioned; otherwise they never could have lifted a hand, or uttered a word against a *Monarch*, who, while he enjoys A MILLION per Year (*fixed Wages*), besides the Profits on *Farming*, and from the Sale of *Pigs, Sheep, Poultry, Eggs, Skim'd-Milk, &c. &c.* would never permit a single Debt to remain unpaid, or the existence of one Object in Distress, in the whole NATION, if he knew it.

